

At 5 A. M. Sunday Morn. _____ 26 members of the Angora Club and friends who anticipated a nice time out at sea, gathered together at the public landing.

After argueing why the 4 missing members of the 30 did not appear, and sensible reasons given for their remaining home, we were all raring to start.

Finally Hans Lovolld, Capt. of the vessel Morning Star, (so named for its early trips) blew the whistle and we were at last pulling out of dock. Out on the river.

What is more lovely than a trip out on the river early in the morning? It was lovely. I believe it almost compensated for arising at 4 A. M.

Well we were all thrilled with enjoyment. It was a little cool, cool enough that we secured some extra blankets from the hold to wrap around our feet. The fog was rolling in south of the river toward town.

We passed a large ship, apparently anchored. We even passed the jetty smoothly. The sun was shining warmly. But it wont be long now. About 15 min. after that we were drawn up on the crest of a big billow, then down. That's what started it all.

First one on the right of me, but her sweetheart was holding her up, so my pity did not wax strong. Aint love grand at times? It surely is in such dark moments of dispair thot I.

Then to the left of me my little pal starteē in. I sure hung on tight, but felt my hold relaxing. What made me feel so queer? I needed something quick to bolster me up, and so hollered for a stick of gum.

That was the correct medecing, for I came back to mormal in 1 min. ; but felt anyway that a sudden change of scenery would not do me any harm, so I walked down in the hold and up in the front of the ship. But no such luck. Here I came on Art Rinnell & Winnie Granlund, Art started to say somethang , I believe about leaving his glasses home and then-*--- Winnie said nothing. What could have wrought this sudden change in Winnie? Did she have a cold on her lungs wondered I---ach himmel, I was soon enlightened and relieved to know that it was nothing more serious.

Then she perked up and told me what she had for breakfast. She could not fool me after that, for I was convinced during the rest of the morning that she had partaken of a square Sunday dinner, all trimming included, early that morn.

We were out by the rock but did not know it. All was fog on the sea. So the fore was turned from the aft, and we were bound for homeward. Cold, gol ding cold too, so we bundled up in blankets like Indians.

We ere ready to settle comfortably, and someone remarked, "I wish I did not move , every time I do- everything comes up.

I seeked a restful? spot at Winnies graceful feetas a pillow but my rest was frequently disturbed by a bump in the ear, warning signal that Winnie had to be on the move again.

Not time to mention each and every one of the crew, but I can safely say that there were about 20 others keeping each other company.

We of coarse saw the light ship and it started to be sunny and almost warm, also saw the wreck Laurel.

At this point of the scenery, came Axel to collect \$2. for this amazing trip.

I wondered at the willingness with whāth they turned over this \$2,- but concluded that it must be the relief of being in smooth waters again.

They all woke up and enjoyed the trip up the river again.
But here's where I said to myself, "no more sea trips
with these Land Lubbing Angoras again.

I thank you,

Francis J. Medelkind

Those who made this trip were,

Mr. & Mrs. Granlund,
Mr. & Mrs. Coopers,
Mr. & Mrs. Harvey,
Winnie Wing,
Anni Erickson,
Ruth Rankin
Irma Kinney
Eva Jane Miller,
Axel Ramvick
Chas. Johnson
Chas. Hustwick
Art Rinnell
Mildred King
Tom Kinney
Silvia Jussila
Mervyn Johnson
Mr. & Mrs. Henningsen,